

BROOKLYN NEWS IN BRIEF.

Notable Occurrences in the City of Churches.

Paragraphs That Photograph the History of the Day.

Robbed of a \$25 Watch.

General McCready's apartments, on the second floor of 400 Myrtle street, Brooklyn, were entered during the absence of the family this morning and robbed of a gold watch worth \$25.

Charles Stabbe Plundered.

Thieves entered the apartments of Charles Stabbe, 500 Myrtle street, Brooklyn, early this morning and stole jewelry and clothing to the value of \$25.

Accused of Robbing a Saloon.

George Vaccaro, of 1113 E. 14th ave., Brooklyn, was under arrest this morning on complaint of Joseph Burke, of 1551 Broadway, who says he stole \$50 from his saloon.

Who Owns This Clothing?

The police of the Adams street station, Brooklyn, are awaiting an owner of a bag of clothing which was found under the steps at 301 Bridge street.

Hit by an Unknown Stone-Thrower.

Gus P. Moriksey, of 67 Monteth street, Brooklyn, while handling freight in the Long Island railroad yard this morning, was struck on the head by a stone, thrown by some unknown person. His scalp was badly lacerated.

Henrietta Conklin Dead.

Henrietta S. Conklin, forty-six years old, died suddenly at her home, 101 Myrtle street, Brooklyn, at 1:30 o'clock this morning.

Collision Victim Very Low.

Dr. Pearce who is attending Mrs. John Garvey, of 105 Concord street, Brooklyn, who was badly injured in the smash-up between two sections of a train on the Brooklyn, Bath and West End railroad last Sunday, reported this morning that his patient was still very low.

Robbed by a Young Woman.

Twelve-year-old Eliza Weber, of 103 Stockton street, Brooklyn, told the police this morning that while she was standing on the corner of Gates avenue and Broadway yesterday afternoon a young woman approached her and grabbed her pocketbook and gold-laced umbrella and ran away.

Mrs. Webber's Mental Condition.

Supreme Court Justice Cullen, of Brooklyn, signed an order this morning appointing lawyer John D. Pratt as commissioner to inquire into the mental condition of Mrs. August M. Webber, who is now confined in the Walden private asylum in Westchester.

Costs \$50 to Rob an Actor.

Jane Lysbeth, who was arrested several days ago for stealing clothing and jewelry from Milton Nobles, the actor, who lives at 211 First place, Brooklyn, was fined \$50 in the Butler street court this morning.

Extending the Deadly Trolley.

Park Commissioner Brower, of Brooklyn, today granted permission to the Brooklyn, Bath and West End railroad company, to lay tracks and set trolley poles on the outer curve of the Plaza at Prospect Park from Fifteenth street to Sixth avenue.

Shoemakers Still on Strike.

The employees of the Weichert shoe factory, 24, 26 and 28 Myrtle street, who are now to the number of one out on strike, are in increase of wages, held a meeting this morning at 300 Myrtle street, Williamsburg, and decided to continue their strike.

The men were discharged by Justice Goeing.

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FOUND DEAD IN THE CABIN.

A Young 'Longshoreman's End on the Freight Barge 'Vucan'.

Corner Rooney, of Brooklyn, was notified this morning of the sudden death of Hans H. Hansen, a longshoreman, on board the freight barge 'Vucan'.

DUST LIVE WITH HER HUSBAND.

Otherwise Annie Keller Will Lose Possession of Her Children.

Justice Cullen, of the supreme court, Brooklyn, today rendered a decision in the matter of absolute divorce brought by Annie Keller against her husband, Henry.

He declined to grant a decree, and says that the children remain with her husband. He said he had been a custody of their children.

NEIL NELSON IN DOLLIDOM.

Read in the SUNDAY WORLD of Neil Nelson's visit to Sonaberg in the Thuringian Forest, whose 12,000 inhabitants, with one or two unimportant exceptions, are engaged in making dolls.

PETERS'S CARELESSNESS.

The Blunder of a Methodical Young Man in Love.

Love worthy wonders, as hath been said by various wise men before the advent of the modern scientific method, is a blundering machine.

It is remarkable that the T. P. (meaning the tender passion) should have turned a methodical man's methodicalness to his own undoing, as nearly happened in the case of Mr. George Peters. Love should have nothing to do with a man during business hours. There ought to be a placard to this effect hanging up in all well regulated business houses.

"The clerk in love is requested by the management not to think of the management and to think of the clerk in love."

"By Order."

Now George Peters was a very, very methodical person for so young a man.

When a letter got into Peters's hands it went through a certain routine and the answer departed from him to the copying-book and from the copying-book to the envelope, and the envelope, letter and all, it goes to the office clock with regularity that nothing at the office clock could emulate; and even that, the clerk said, was not as regular as Peters, for they claimed it was slower in the morning and might stop in pointing to 6 o'clock.

It is little wonder, then, that Peters

stood high in the confidence of old man Bentham. Bentham was Bentham Brothers & Co. There were no brothers and no company—that was merely the firm name.

It was all Bentham. Perhaps there once was a company, but that is all ancient history, anyhow, and has nothing to do with this strictly modern story. And it did not interfere with the fact that old Bentham's name was a lovely thing to have at the bottom of a large check.

The clerk never speculated on the probable effect of love on Peters because never occurred to him that such a thing as Peters falling in love was within the bounds of possibility. Love, they argued, was not an article that can be stocked and ticketed and referred back for further information, and entered in the day book and posted on the debit or credit side of a ledger, so what on earth could Peters do with it if he had it. Manifestly a thing. If they had known as much about human nature as you or I they would have surmised that when Peters did fall it was time to stand from under.

And who should Peters fall in love with but the very woman of all others whom he ought never have given a thought to—his own sister, pretty little Miss Sadie Bentham, if you please. It made Peters

himself cold when he thought of it, for he knew he had just as much chance of getting the moon or the laureateship as the consent of old man Bentham. The clerk always said that it was Miss Sadie who fell in love with Peters, principally, I suppose, because she should have known better, and I think myself there is something to be said for that view of the matter.

Anyhow, she came to her father's place of business very often and apparently very unnecessarily, but the old man was always pleased to see her, no matter how busy he happened to be. At first she rarely looked at Peters, but when she did flash one of those quick glances of hers at him poor Peters thought he had the fever and ague. He understood the symptoms later on.

I don't know how things came to a climax; neither do the clerks, for that matter; although they pretend to. Besides, they are divided in their opinions, so I think their collective surmises amount to but very little. Johnson claims that it was done over the telephone, while Farnam says she came to the office one day when her father was not there and proposed to Peters on the spot. One thing the clerks are unanimous about, and that is that Peters, left to himself, would never have had the courage. Still, too much attention must be paid to what the clerks say. What can they know about it? They are in another room.

Peters knew that he had no right to think about that girl during business hours. He was just a clerk about the old man and his affairs, which were not nearly so interesting. But Peters was conscientious, and he tried to do his

whole affair. No one who knew Peters

could have been given him the credit of proposing an elopement. "accuse him of it," as Johnson puts it. She claimed that while she could manage her father at right enough up to a certain point, yet in this particular matter she preferred to negotiate with him after marriage rather than before. She had a great deal of the old man's shrewdness and Sadie, he used to say he would not like to have her as an opponent on a wheat deal.

Then the clerks say—but hang the clerks! What do they know about it? As Farnam truly remarked, casting a gloom over the rest as he spoke: "You may say what you like about Peters, but you can't get over the unwholesome fact that none of us has got her."

The pallidness of this unadorned truth was that each of the clerks thought himself a better-looking man than Peters. Well, to come to the awful point where Peters's methodicalness nearly upset the apple cart. The elopement was all settled. Peters quaking most of the time, and he was to write her a letter giving an account of how arrangements were progressing. It will hardly be credited, and yet it is possible enough when you think what a machine a methodical man gets to be—that Peters wrote this epistle to his girl on his desk and put it in the pile of letters that were to be copied into the old man's letter-book. The office boy picked up the heap at exactly the usual hour, took them to the copying press, wet the thin leaves and squeezed them in the hot letter next to the one beginning: "DEAR SIR: Yours of the 23rd received and contents noted."

Peter got the corner-curl letters, still damp, and put them all in their right envelopes and Sadie got hers in due time, but he did not know enough about business correspondence to know that her first love letter was written in copying ink and had been through the press.

Next day when old man Bentham was looking over the leaves of the rec'd book Sadie's letters he suddenly began to chuckle to himself. Old Bentham had a very comfortable, good-natured, well-to-do chuckle that was a pleasure to hear. Even Peters almost smiled as he heard it.

BROOKLYN PAGE.

TRUE LOVE FINDS THE WAY. BATTLE OF THE BEER GLASSES.

Brooklyn Heights Society Interested in an Elopement Story.

Edward G. Ross Braves Parental Rage and Marries Miss Ella May Kelley.

Speculation is rife in Brooklyn among the social intimates of Edward G. Ross and Ella May Kelley, as to whether partial love will be overcome religious prejudice in the minds of the Kelleys, here and there, as to accord the young couple a welcome and a blessing on their return from their little impromptu wedding trip.

The bride is the eldest daughter of John T. Kelley, senior member of the Pittsburgh Iron and Steel Company, with connections in New York, Jersey City and Greensburg, Pa.

The Kelleys formerly lived in Pittsburgh, but about a year ago Mr. Kelley decided to come to Brooklyn to live, the letter to look after the firm's interest in New York. He bought the handsome brown stone house at 203 Berkley place.

Miss Kelley, whose personal attractions made it easy for her to plunge at once into the giddy whirl of Prospect Heights society, had many number of beaux among the society young men.

Among them was young Ross, who made no pretensions to being anything more than he was, a clerk employed in a New York hat store.

He was cordially received by the young woman's parents until it was perceived that the girl had begun to show a decided preference for him.

When it dawned upon Papa and Mama Kelley that the daughter was something more than a mere young person's flirtation the parental edict went forth, and it was made perfectly plain to the young people that the difference in their religion proved a permanent bar to their marriage.

It is said that the opposition to their love affair only fanned the flame, and the young people eloped clandestinely.

Papa Kelley was made aware of this state of things, and Ella May was whisked off to a New York hotel.

On Sunday, after Mr. Ross had procured a dispensation from Bishop McKeon, Ella May was married to him in the rectory of St. Augustine's Church, at 18th avenue and 10th street, where Father John Beland, the assistant rector, performed the marriage ceremony.

The couple at once left for a small retreat in New Jersey town, where they are spending the first days of the honeymoon.

Mr. Kelley, who was called at Berkeley place this forenoon, was met at the door by the bride's eleven-year-old sister, who displayed an amount of discretion and tact seldom met with in one of her years.

Her name, she said, was of no consequence, and papa was at his office and mamma would not talk about it.

Father John Beland was not at home this morning, and the young woman would not talk about a matter which was wholly his assistant's concern.

BROOKLYN GOSSIP.

Joseph B. Taylor is testing his new three-inch telescope during this opposition of Mars. The instrument, which was made by Mr. Taylor himself, is, it is said, of wonderful power. Joe spends the greater part of each night on the roof of his home trying to verify Schiaparelli's theory that Mars is inhabited.

Frank P. Murphy, who is at present in charge of the work of building the new sewer system in Flatbush, varies the monotony of his daily life by playing golf by devoting a portion of his time to baseball. He is a member of the Staten Island Athletic Club, and his value to that organization's ball team is pretty well known.

Walter E. Headling is among the Brooklyn wheelmen who are making records as hard and fast riders. Walter finds time to kick the pedals almost every day after he has finished his labors as secretary to General Manager Nichols, of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad.

MRS. SEARLES'S HEIRS ANGRY.

They Say Mr. Searles Promised Them \$25,000 Apiece.

The forty odd relatives of the late Mrs. Mark Hopkins-Searles are up in arms against Edward F. Searles, her husband, and ready to begin another lawsuit against him to recover the \$25,000 after which they claim they promised them after settling with Timothy Hopkins.

Instead of the \$25,000, Nathaniel Hibbard, a second cousin of Mrs. Hopkins, who is a glass of fair size, and a larger than a "pony," was served. The beer was of Brooklyn brew, and was far from pleasing to the reporter's taste. When asked as to the paying qualities of his three-cent beer the proprietor said regretfully:

"No, it doesn't pay—really. We only do it as an accommodation to our regular customers. Sometimes a man doesn't care to go to a restaurant, so he comes in here for some fish or something."

"Then," he added, "he gets some beer and

Some time ago a few saloon-keepers adopted what they thought an extremely cute measure for the advancement of their own trade by announcing that they would sell beer at three cents, but there's no profit in it. And we kept closed on Saturday, too. Five cents is little enough for a glass of beer. But my husband and I only care to do the right thing, and I suppose we'll get along. We make all our money out of the liquor."

Somebody keeps a saloon on the opposite corner from Marks. He also sells beer at three cents, but he doesn't like it, and he is included with Mrs. Searles's sentiments. He would be very glad indeed to see the good old days of five-cent beer return.

The affected district does not extend very far, but those whose business lies within the region are heartily tired of the arrangement and wish it were a thing of the past.

ROBBED OF HER WEDDING RING.

A Brooklyn Woman Has Bad Luck in a Public Bath-House.

Mrs. Emma Stubler, of 131 Twenty-eighth street, Brooklyn, today mourns the loss of her wedding ring and a pocketbook containing a small amount of money.

She visited the public bath at the foot of Conover street yesterday, and while she was in the water some thief broke open the closet in which her clothing was hung and stole the articles named. The ring was marked "J. S. to E. S. May 15, 1920."

MRS. PATTERSON'S DIVORCE.

Her Husband Is in State Prison and Is a Bigamist.

Mrs. Florence M. Patterson has been granted a decree of divorce from her husband, J. Porter Patterson.

Mrs. Patterson visited the Supreme Court in Brooklyn this morning and signed her testimony. The defendant is now in State Prison for obtaining money under false pretenses.

It is said that he represented himself as an agent of the actor estate and collected money from the friends of the actor. Mrs. Patterson is also a bigamist, having married a wife and child during his lifetime.

CAN'T PROVE HIS CITIZENSHIP.

Bredon Is in Berlin and His Naturalization Papers Are Lost.

Up to 2 P. M. today the big burglar-proof safe in the office of the Herald House, in East New York, had not given up Boniface Henry C. Bredon's naturalization certificate.

The clerk was made a thorough search among the pigeon-holes and drawers, but the previous document which Mr. Bredon has claimed to be the original of the Herald House, in East New York, had not given up Boniface Henry C. Bredon's naturalization certificate.

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CANNOT RAISE HIS RENT YET. HOHN HELD FOR ABDUCTION.

Russell Sage's Lease Has Still Eleven Years to Run.

Russell Sage, the philanthropist who recently gave a new lease for a copy of THE EVENING WORLD because the "newspaper" could not afford to be a sufferer in this cold and unfeeling world.

Troubles have been following Mr. Sage as closely as trains run after each other on the Union Pacific, and although the last one was based on a solid foundation it may add a few more gray hairs to the philanthropist's head and necessitate the cutting down of running expenses.

Like ordinary people, Mr. Sage requires a house to shelter himself. His particular house happens to be at 300 Fifth avenue. It is a brownstone front, with Mr. Sage's own name on the door. He does not want to see the ground it stands on.

He has tried to buy it from the Hoffman estate, but they would not sell, and he has since been required to pay \$100 a year rental.

His lease was made a decade ago for twenty years, but some people think they have lived longer than they really have, and started a rumor yesterday that the lease had expired and that Russell would hereafter have to put up \$1,000 per year or move to some other portion of the earth, which he has been trying so long to have added to his possessions.

Mr. Sage heard the rumor early this morning and was uneasy. He thought possibly he had lived longer than he supposed, and came downtown a little earlier than usual to see that lease.

While walking from the L. I. it is said, he took longer steps than usual to save shoe leather and bought a one-cent glass of lemonade from a street vendor instead of paying for a better article at a soda-water fountain.

His alarm was unnecessary, however, for when he looked up the lease he found the Hoffman estate would have to be contented with \$100 a year for eleven years, and that by that time he would be a building and loan association, and be able to get a little house and lot of his own.

"Somebody's been loose with the rent," he said to an Evesham World reporter. "There was a quantity of rent for the Hoffman estate, but it was lost. I have been trying to get it back, but I have not been able to do so."

There was universal satisfaction on Wall street this morning over the happy solution of the problem in which every one is interested.

As is known by all, Mr. Sage has been very unfortunate of late. His loss of a suit of clothes on account of the robbery of the Evesham World reporter was a calamity, and it was followed by a suit of damages by W. C. Laidlaw, a clerk who was injured by a fall from a scaffold while working on the roof of the Evesham World building.